

Different Flavors by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

“And I’ve thought about... other things.” Lying in Zagreus’ bed, picturing Zagreus over him, behind him, inside him.

“Care to enlighten me?” Zag was flirting again, lashes fluttering, a pretty curve to his smile that made Thanatos want to kiss him.

Thanatos has become steadily more used to having a more physical reaction with Zagreus, but when Zagreus says he wants to learn how to please Thanatos better, he has some new things he'd like to try.

Sequel to [New Behaviors](#)

Different Flavors

Author's Note:

- For [stygius](#).

Thank you to Stygius for making this lovely sequel a reality!

And thank you for all of the support on the 1st fic, this series is close to my demi heart <3

“Like this?”

”Yes, Zag—ah!”

“Feels alright?”

“Mm-hm. I’m just—*fuck*—close.”

“Is that so?”

Thanatos’ response was less an answer and more a wordless moan as he gave himself over to the hot grasp of Zag’s fist around his cock and the hotter press of Zag’s mouth against his own.

Asphodel was always sweltering, but Thanatos rarely ever broke a sweat, his cool nature keeping him comfortable even in his many layers of black whenever he deigned to appear to Zagreus along the shores of the Phlegethon.

He was hot, now.

After their latest match, Zagreus had pressed him up against the nearest half-crumbled pillar and kissed him, a cheeky bite to it, claiming that if Thanatos was going to best him, he could at least give Zagreus a consolation prize. Thanatos had been the one to turn it into more, pulling Zagreus in for another kiss when Zag might have leaned away, and then, in

a moment that he was very glad nobody witnessed, begging for Zagreus to put his hands on him.

They hadn't had time or patience to undress, which meant that Thanatos made a mess of Zag's clothes, and Zagreus made even more of a mess of his own clothes, having not even gotten his leggings out of the way before he'd come while grinding his cock against Than's hip.

"Sorry," Thanatos said, plucking at the fabric which was now turned wet and sticky.

"Ah, it's fine." Zagreus sighed happily and leaned against him, one hand still settled on Than's ass. "I have several worse things on my clothes right now."

"One wonders why I let you stand so close to me," Thanatos grumbled, but refused to let go of him, pulling his clothing back into place one-handed.

"I'm just charming like that, I suppose." He said it like he did not know how true it was.

"Zagreus," Thanatos said, and Zagreus responded with a little noise of acknowledgement and nothing else. "Why is it that you ask so often whether I like what you're doing? I'd guess you can interpret from my more physical responses that I'm enjoying your attention."

Zagreus leaned back, if only so that he could look Thanatos in the eye, cupping his cheek with one hand. "I can, a bit. But I want to better learn how to please you."

"You do please me," Thanatos reassured him.

"How to please you more, then." His hand traced down Than's neck, playing over the ridged engravings on his gorget. "Listen, when Achilles was teaching me all of this, he showed me how to figure out what I prefer—and I want to do that for you."

Thanatos had to try very hard not to become caught up in the image of Achilles teaching Zagreus all this. “So, that requires asking if I like everything?”

“Yeah, of course. And, you know, if there’s something new you want to try, just... tell me, alright?”

“I’ve mentioned your mouth before,” Thanatos said. Bringing it back up was making Zagreus squirm, drawing his lower lip between his teeth.

“Mm. I’d like that,” he said. His hand continued its path down, lingering over Than’s bare pectoral.

“And I’ve thought about... other things.” Lying in Zagreus’ bed, picturing Zagreus over him, behind him, inside him.

“Care to enlighten me?” Zag was flirting again, lashes fluttering, a pretty curve to his smile that made Thanatos want to kiss him.

He inclined his head to whisper in Zag’s ear, instead. These words were meant only for him. “Like you using my thighs. Or getting me off with your mouth.”

He could hear the sharp hiss as Zagreus inhaled through his teeth. His exhale was a little moan, like he’d tried to keep quiet but couldn’t help himself. “*Thanatos.*” He pulled Thanatos into another kiss, letting it linger. “Meet me in the House after this run?”

“As you wish,” Thanatos said, vanishing in a haze of green and savoring the half-astonished oath that came from Zagreus’ mouth as he left.

— — —

Much as he would have liked to simply reappear in Zag’s bedroom and spend some more time touching himself in Zag’s bed, Thanatos did have work to complete.

If he thought about Zagreus the entire time, though, nobody would know.

Zagreus was already back at the House when Thanatos returned, tidying up his room as if Thanatos hadn't seen it a dozen times before. When Thanatos entered, accompanied by his usual toll, Zagreus startled, turning on his heel with all the excitement he usually displayed whenever Thanatos appeared during his runs to help him. Apparently, his good mood during their little competitions was not just because Thanatos was there to get him out of whatever tangle of shades he'd gotten caught up in.

"Than! Can't believe I managed to beat you here," Zagreus said, coming to his side and wrapping him up in an embrace that was a little awkward, given the way Thanatos was still floating a few feet into the air. "I mean, I can, Lerne absolutely pummeled me, so I didn't get far. It's difficult when the Pact allows her to float around without a neck."

Thanatos lowered his weight onto the ground all at once just to make Zagreus struggle to hold him up for a second, which made Zagreus laugh into the kiss Thanatos planted on the corner of his mouth.

It was getting easier, holding him like this, touching him without worrying that he was doing something wrong, kissing him and knowing Zagreus enjoyed the way it felt. It helped that Zagreus fit into his arms with an ease that felt near-cosmically perfect. His height made it simple for Thanatos to tip him backward into a kiss, which Zagreus especially loved, winding his arms around Than's neck and holding on as best he could.

Zagreus was already breathing hard when Thanatos pulled away, and he was struck once again with incredible interest at how quickly he'd managed to put Zagreus into such a state. He got so *red* when he blushed, it made his green eye stand out even brighter.

"Take this to my bed?" he asked.

"Of course, I... Zag." Thanatos eyed the other side of the room curiously. He hadn't expected Zagreus to care how his quarters were decorated, but... "Did you get a new bed?" His usual plain blue duvet had been replaced with a rich red, decorated in golden embroidery, with the shape of a large skull taking up most of the center. Of course, Thanatos was among many in the

House who wore skulls as ornamentation, but a small part of him couldn't help but wonder if the death's-head design had been chosen for him.

"Oh! I put in an order with the House Contractor. Thought I'd surprise you—it's very comfy, and I'd really like to do something other than standing here talking about it, wouldn't you?"

"I could be convinced." Thanatos vanished and reappeared sitting on Zag's bed, making Zag chase him.

He ran at Thanatos in a full dash, knocking him onto his back as he pounced like a wildcat. Zagreus, Thanatos was reminded on occasions like this, was as passionate as he was sweet. Every emotion Thanatos barely tiptoed into, Zagreus took with a running leap.

"What?" Zag cocked his head to the side in an almost puppy-like confusion. "You're looking at me like... I can't exactly say."

"I just like looking," Thanatos said. He traced the line of Zag's jaw, his lower lip, Thanatos' gray skin and black fingernails standing out against Zag's pink flush.

"Want me to pose for you?" Zagreus asked, leaning into the touch, pressing a warm kiss to Thanatos' palm. "You could paint a portrait, it'll last longer." Never mind that Zagreus had absolutely despised sitting still through having his portrait done for the House.

Never mind that Thanatos couldn't paint, either.

"No, I just... never mind. May I undress you, now?"

Zagreus replied with an eager nod. Thanatos usually—and it had been just enough times that he could say 'usually' now—took Zagreus' clothes off first. By the time Zag returned the favor, Thanatos was usually worked up enough that he was unselfconscious before his lover.

It could be awkward; the both of them wore a lot of ornamentation and armor that was bulky at best, but Zagreus easily laughed his way through

getting his pauldron stuck or his leggings tangled around his shin. He liked it to be a slow process, Thanatos discovered, pausing on multiple occasions just to kiss him and to take his hands, pressing them to his newly-bare skin. He never complained that Thanatos' touch was cold, but he did shiver as Thanatos pulled him closer, feeling down the musculature of his back and leeching warmth from his fever-hot skin. His tongue curled against Than's mouth, and Thanatos tried to match it but could do little aside from opening his mouth and letting Zagreus take him. Zagreus was quite easily able to kiss Thanatos and undo his gauntlet and pauldron at the same time, and by the time they parted, Thanatos was missing the majority of his armor.

Zagreus loosened his cowl, draping the fabric over the trunk at the end of his bed so that nobody would roll onto it in the midst of things. "Can I?" Zagreus asked, his fingertips on the clasp that would loosen Thanatos' gorget, the last piece of his armor to go. He didn't like having it removed most of the time, all too easily made anxious when his throat was so vulnerable.

"You may," he told Zagreus, and then he was faced with the peculiar sensation of lightness that accompanied it being removed from his shoulders.

Zagreus' lips against his neck always made him shake, the heat of his kisses especially potent in areas that had been covered with cold metal. He tipped his head to the side, and gave Zagreus more room. Zagreus smiled, humming softly against his skin, a sort of ticklish feeling that made Thanatos lift his shoulder reflexively, bumping it into Zagreus' chin.

"You're very sensitive, here," he said, proving his own words when his breath on Thanatos' skin made it prickle with goosebumps.

"I suppose it's because it's usually covered," Thanatos reasoned.

"Makes sense." Zagreus left another feather-soft kiss on the junction of his neck and shoulder. "Do you like it when I touch you here?"

"It's good," Thanatos said, tipping his head back so that Zagreus had better access to his throat. He didn't nip at Thanatos' skin here like he did when

he kissed his mouth, purposefully gentle, his hands rubbing slow circles into Thanatos' shoulders and down to his chest. It was an act Thanatos assumed was meant to be calming, but the effect was arousing instead. Thanatos was more used to the sensation of his cock hardening in response to Zagreus' attention, now, but it was still a little strange when no direct stimulation was required to make him erect.

Zagreus settled more fully into Thanatos' lap, and he hummed against the soft skin beneath Thanatos' jaw when Thanatos stroked his hips and thighs. He reached between and put his hand around Zagreus' cock, which drew a gasp from him, a puff of air against Thanatos' neck. It was no wonder he was surprised, Thanatos rarely initiated this type of contact without making it rather obvious what he was about to do.

"Keep going," Zagreus said, pressing his mouth more firmly against the underside of Thanatos' jaw. "That feels good."

"I... I like touching you like this." The admission sounded clumsy when he said it, but how in the world was he supposed to express how Zagreus pressing into his touch like this, canting his hips forward to thrust into it, compounded Thanatos' own arousal so? There was little for it but to keep touching him, and to enjoy the way Zag's own touches became firmer and his hands gripped at Thanatos' body instead of gently passing over his skin.

"Tighter," he hissed, and Thanatos obeyed, and Zagreus thrust forward faster, truly fucking Thanatos' hand, now, muffling soft moans into the side of his neck.

Thanatos' leggings were uncomfortably tight, his chiton uncomfortably hot, and he needed to be rid of them, *now*.

Thankfully, he was a rather powerful incarnation of death, and could vanish his clothing as simply as he'd vanish himself.

Zagreus, who clearly had not realized Thanatos possessed such an ability (and why would he, it wasn't as if Thanatos needed to use it on any other occasion) gave him a baffled once-over, and then said, "that's a neat trick. Could you get rid of mine like that?"

“I don’t need to.”

“I know, but next time. Never mind it, I like when you take my clothes off.” He sat back, taking Thanatos’ wrist so that his hand, which had still been loosely circled about Zagreus’ cock, was sitting on his thigh instead. “Now. Perhaps we might do something you’d suggested? Clearly you enjoy my mouth on your neck, but perhaps elsewhere...?”

“Ah... yes, please.”

“Hand me that, will you?” Zagreus asked, gesturing for the pillow at the head of the bed. Thanatos obliged, and Zagreus dropped it onto the floor, and gave Thanatos one more kiss before demonstrating why he’d put it there.

Watching Zagreus position himself between Thanatos' legs, a wicked smile on his face, was nearly enough to make Thanatos uncontrollably teleport away. He pressed a gentle kiss to Thanatos' inner thigh, keeping eye contact all the while, pure seduction in the act.

“Relax,” Zagreus told him, stroking up the underside of his thigh and then back down, his hand coming to rest cupping the bend of Thanatos’ knee. “You look tense enough to snap right about now.”

“Sorry.” He tried to force himself to unwind, but his body was having none of it—plus, he had to maintain some amount of rigidity to stay upright and continue observing Zagreus.

“No, it’s fine.” Zagreus’ thumb traced his hip bone, and Thanatos felt his cock twitch as he anticipated Zag’s next touch. He would’ve been embarrassed by his body’s reaction, had Zagreus not turned yet another shade of red, had his mouth not dropped open at the sight. His lower lip was so wet, he was practically drooling. Huh. He really did like doing this. “I ought to give you a massage sometime. Achilles did that for me once and I swear my bones turned into jelly. But, you know, in a good way.”

“Sure?”

Zagreus laughed, and he was close enough that Thanatos could feel his breath against his cock. It was a sensation that had Thanatos anxiously measuring his breaths. Before they'd gotten to this point, Zag's mouth on his cock had been an abstract idea, unaccompanied by any physical feeling.

Now, with Zagreus' mouth inches from him, it was all the more concrete, and it was something Thanatos wanted desperately, almost to the point where it pitched him over the edge into that anxiety-riddled state where it all became too much, where he had to ask Zagreus to stop.

"Talk me through it, okay?" Zagreus said, never mind the fact that him pressing a kiss to the head of Thanatos' cock had Thanatos at rather a loss for words. "Let me know how it all feels."

"I'll try to," Thanatos said.

"Good." He made his way down Thanatos' cock with the tiniest ghosts of kisses, but his breath was hot enough to ignite something within Thanatos' core. "You can touch my hair, if you want," he added. "I like when you do that."

Somehow, Thanatos didn't think Zagreus was imagining the way he liked to run his fingers through Zagreus' hair while they cuddled. He set a hand on the back of Zag's neck anyway, playing with the hair at his nape. "Okay. I want you to keep going."

"Good," Zagreus said again, his tongue dragging up the length of Thanatos' cock this time. He repeated that action several times—long, slow licks until Thanatos' cock was as wet as Zag's lips.

He could feel the tension in the back of Zagreus' neck as he moved, angling himself so that Thanatos' cock just barely entered the hot cavern of his mouth, the head brushing the inside of Zagreus' cheek. It felt even softer than when Thanatos kissed him and his tongue slipped into Zagreus' mouth.

"It's good," he said, lamely failing his search for a better word. "It's—oh! *Zagreus*." Zag's mouth closed around the head of his cock and he *sucked* as he pulled back, a little pop echoing in the room as he pulled off.

“More?”

“Yes, more.”

Zagreus had to stop smiling at him before he gave him what he'd requested, so it took a moment. Thanatos was steadily realizing that Zagreus did not move slowly and check in frequently because he intended to coddle Than, but because this was how Zagreus himself has first experienced this pleasure, at the hands of someone just as gentle with Zagreus as Zag was with Thanatos.

Zagreus was trying to make Thanatos' first experiences with these acts just as pleasurable as his own had been, and the thought of it had Thanatos' heart so full he thought he might burst.

Zag wrapped a hand around the base of Thanatos' cock, soft lips at the head and descending until he'd swallowed all but what his hand covered. The head of Thanatos' cock must have been practically in Zag's throat but he didn't seem bothered by this, simply swallowing again and looking up at him with an intensity that made Thanatos' fingers clutch tighter at the back of Zag's neck.

Zagreus hummed around his cock, squeezing the base a little tighter, and Thanatos gasped, a huge, heaving rush of breath. It was too much. It was not enough.

“Zagreus, stop—“

He needed to be closer.

“Than?”

He needed *Zagreus* closer.

Zag still seemed a little confused, but he went with as Than pulled him up, back onto the bed, back into his lap, and kissed him. *This* was what he'd needed, Zag's breath against his mouth, Zag's tongue against his teeth. Zag's hand resting just over his heart, and Zag's heart pounding loud

enough that Thanatos could hear it as easily as he could hear Zagreus muffling a truncated cry of Thanatos' name against his lips.

Zagreus had a knee planted between Thanatos' legs, and it was all too easy to rock forward and rub his cock against Zagreus' thigh, the slickness from Zag's mouth on him easing the way. Zagreus didn't stop to ask about the sudden change in position, just kissed him back eagerly, shifting his weight so that his thigh could rub more purposefully against Thanatos' cock.

Thanatos didn't realize this was going to make him come until he was already shaking with it, whining against Zagreus' lips and holding Zagreus as tight as he could manage.

This, too, was a change from their usual arrangement. Thanatos was unused to having come before Zagreus, to wanting to collapse into the afterglow while Zagreus was still hard and eager. The way Zagreus rubbed against him was too much for Thanatos' overworked nerves, but he tried not to push Zagreus away so much as hold his hips still for a moment.

"Zag, it's... I can't."

"Right, yeah. You need me to—I know." Zagreus was aware that Thanatos sometimes became momentarily averse to touch after orgasm, and would treat him with extraordinary gentleness in those moments. Now, however, this was made more difficult by the fact that Zagreus was still fully aroused. He made a wonderful picture like that, spread out on the bed, the red of the bedspread complimenting the flush of his skin, gold accents lit up by his fiery feet.

"I still want to touch you," Thanatos said.

"Oh, please do. Actually, if you want to try something—" Zagreus sat up, stretching to reach over to the shelf behind his bed for a familiar bottle. "—you could put your fingers in me. I'll show you how I like it."

His mind was filled with images of Zagreus spread out on the bed next to him, one hand wrapped around his cock and the other between his legs. *You*

can look, Zagreus had told him then, spreading his legs wider, showing off for him.

You can touch, Zagreus seemed to be saying to him now.

"Yes. I want to try that, show me." He settled at Zagreus' side, close enough that they were almost touching, and when he touched Zagreus' thigh, easing his legs open a little more, Zagreus gave a happy sigh. When Thanatos continued to touch him, fingertips skirting over his balls before moving further back, Zagreus fumbled with the lid of the bottle.

"Oh! Yes, keep doing that..."

Thanatos felt over his rim blindly, because he was busy watching Zagreus' face. He was so expressive always, but particularly when Thanatos touched him. His eyes squeezed shut and he shook his head a little, a gesture he used to focus himself. Thanatos drew his fingers back for a moment, allowing Zagreus time to slick up his own fingers, but returned to touching him before Zagreus expected it.

"Don't you laugh at me," Zagreus huffed.

"You're cute when you jump like that," Thanatos said.

Zagreus smiled despite his complaints, reaching down to nudge Thanatos' fingers out of the way. "I'm going to do this first so I can show you what I like, and then you can... yeah."

Thanatos appreciated this, because the last time he'd watched Zagreus do this to himself, he'd been a bit overwhelmed. Certainly, he would not be able to remember how Zagreus did it. He pressed himself closer to Zagreus as he watched, drawing his fingertips up and down Zagreus' thigh, feeling the warmth of him.

Zagreus started slowly, just pressing the tips in, hooking them to pull at the rim a little before pressing deeper. "I'll probably only need two," he said. "I'm already all worked up."

"You certainly are." Thanatos' attention was momentarily drawn to the rise and fall of Zagreus' chest, his breathing heavy as if he was in the middle of a fight. "What exactly are you... I mean, is it just the act of penetration that you like, or is there something else?"

Zagreus shook his head. "There's, ah—you can sort of press up against this spot, it's really good."

Thanatos appreciated the moan he punctuated it with, but the actual content of his explanation was entirely too vague. "What spot?"

"Here." Zagreus nudged the bottle of oil into Thanatos' hand. "Put yours in, I'll show you. It'll be easier if you go from the same angle I was—better on your wrist, at least."

This required lying down next to him, which Thanatos appreciated for the sense of closeness and Zagreus seemed to appreciate for the ability to use Thanatos' bicep as a pillow. They were halfway into a position Zagreus had jokingly called 'spooning' but Zag was still mostly flat on his back, giving him room to spread his legs easier. He guided Thanatos' hand between his legs, the position allowing Zagreus' cock to rub up against the inside of Thanatos' wrist.

Thanatos slid his first two fingers in, the oil he'd spread over them easing the way. Zagreus leaned his head against Thanatos' shoulder and took a deep breath in, the kind that made his ribcage stand out. When he let it out, Thanatos could feel his breath.

"Okay, push them deeper," Zagreus said, "and kind of curl them up, like this." He demonstrated with his own hand.

"Like that?"

"Oh, yes, like that." Zagreus arched his back, which meant Thanatos had to curl his wrist up further to keep his fingers at the same place. It was worth it for Zagreus' reaction—he cried Thanatos' name and reached up to grasp the back of Thanatos' head, pulling him over so that when Zagreus begged, "*kiss me*," he already was.

Thanatos' eyes closed, his attention split between kissing back and keeping a measured pace as he fucked Zagreus on his fingers, the way he'd seen Zagreus touch himself. He felt it when Zagreus came, a splash of liquid and heat up the inside of his wrist, all the way up to his elbow, the sensation accompanied by Zagreus clutching at him and kissing him so hard it nearly split Thanatos' lip.

When Zagreus pulled away he was still breathing hard, his exhales turning into giddy laughter. Thanatos liked when Zagreus laughed. He couldn't keep from smiling if he tried, nor did he want to, because Zagreus called him beautiful when he smiled.

"Good?" Thanatos asked. He felt a bit awkward about his right hand, currently resting on Zagreus' hip, fingertips wet with oil and forearm wet with Zagreus' release.

"Oh, you've no idea. So good. How was it for you?" Zagreus cocked his head, analyzing Thanatos' reaction. "We were doing this so you could try new things, after all, not just so I could get off."

"I think..." Thanatos idly tapped his fingers on Zag's hip bone. "It wasn't bad. Please take that as enthusiasm, I... I'm not really very good at expressing—" he huffed a breath that ruffled the hair that was falling into his face. "It was good. I'd like to try more new things, I think."

"Oh?" Zag's eyebrows raised and then lowered, in a way that was meant to be seductive but was instead quite silly.

"Not *now*. Right now, I'd like to clean up my whole... everything."

"Sure."

"You're not licking it, this time. That doesn't actually clean anything."

Zagreus licked his *nose*, like a puppy would, which made Thanatos grimace, which in turn only made Zagreus laugh.

The laughter was somewhat at his expense, this time, but he found he didn't entirely mind, anyway.

Author's Note:

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